

My most pathetic servant,  
I am not a messiah sent to you by the  
Dark Powers of this land. I have not come to  
lead you on a path to immortality. However  
many souls you have bled on your hidden  
altar, however many visitors you have  
tortured in your dungeon, know that you are  
not the ones who brought me to this beautiful  
land. You are but worms writhing in my  
earth.

You say that you are cursed, your  
fortunes spent. You abandoned love for  
madness, took solace in the bosom  
of another woman, and sired a stillborn son.  
Cursed by darkness? Of that I have no doubt.  
Save you from your wretchedness? I think  
not.

I much prefer you as you are.



Your dread lord and master,  
Strahd von Zarovich

